

12. A.M. is but midday for the other side of the planet. What is absurd about this is that we are still buying into past theories & debasing rules/laws that do not represent us as a collective Being that's colonizing us <sup>spiritually</sup> & psychologically thrilled to death but not technologically misused veterans of past abuse. We are all feeling the fallout from ALL unreleased Karmic Brawl Outs, whether our own individual quarrels from our past that we must find the willpower to laugh at & redraw ~~into~~, or draw on the past indefinitely. I live this virtual echo chamber insanity that is the Magic Mirror of our mentally withheld anatomy & capability. Like an endocrine system & how we can Wim Hof & neuroplastically revive & re-fit our genes epigenetically. We can re-acquire sound by never losing ~~music~~ & playing phonetically. Call this Infame Jeopardy I'm a Black Leopard retracting my steps like a primitive laser beam. Using Vetence Erections & the Sound of Silence to ionify this Invelution at ~~before~~ Zion we call it Babylon.

Life is changed thinking Forward's & pre'seeking inward's.

Staring at the doors call me Morrison, I'm a channel - or of the Moors & halstie health can & will be restored through the re-branding of Truth except minus the hoarseness. Tie a rope around my neck cause I let go of hope again & rather than massaging my parathyroids & climbing back on the rope again I'm using the Map of my interior friend & interior Zen filling up the room with scratches from a pen. This is Living Instead Action, so Lights, Camera, Action. Let's disen-franchise these pseudo-lively bastards.

A distant van cries, the mystery van rides, Scooby Doo, Dad Funcoff with the damp fries. I'm musically angled & emotionally able, but my voice is hoarse & my hair is long so people look at me like May that was mentally unstable! Thanks for protecting again Mrs Ambren, glad you only other wish is the seed of past gems. Well here's a blood diamond & in hopefully your marriage shatters so hard you get to live at last, again. Cause once, Now beginning an old trade off like a Paradigm shift from Invelutionary economy to a medium between something seen only in the mirrors or a projection of conscious extension & Fear is a building block that tra-peases you into heaven.